B Hanway (James)

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MR. GEORGE PETERS, JUNIOR,

OF

ST. PETERSBURG,

MERCHANT.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MR. GEORGE LITTER, JUNIOR,

ST. LITTERSLUNG,

MERCHANT.

IN FROZEN regions GENIAL VIRTUES grow
With equal beauty as in other climes.
JUSTICE and FRIENDSHIP guard offended thrones;
And while the ſons of BOURBON are reſtrain'd,
EUROPE is freed from the dread curſe of war!—

WHERE the imperial eagle flies aloft,
Directed by the ſov'reign mighty pow'r

Of HER, whoſe calm and penetrating mind
Seeks the EARTH's bleſſing in CELESTIAL PEACE,
My HUMBLE PEN takes up the mournful tale!

ON the fair NEVA's hoſpitable banks,
Where COMMERCE ſmiles in plenty and renown,
A charming youth there liv'd: alas! now lodg'd
In the cold boſom of his parent Earth!—

THE doleful news reach'd my diſtreſſed ears,
With the requeſt to be the meſſenger.
Like a poor priſoner, in SORROW's train
I urg'd my way, and ſought the TRAGIC ſcene
Where I was deſtined to act my part.
Ah, wou'd to Heaven it had been mere conceit,
Though briny tears had fall'n in copious ſtreams!

The

The paſſing croud appear'd to know my grief,
And read the ſorrows of my bleeding heart.
Methought they gaz'd, ſurpriz'd I did not fall,
So woe-ſtruck was my doleful countenance !

MOST cold and languid do we often find
FATHERS and SONS, whoſe mean and ſordid views
Warp their affections and pervert their hearts.
Here reign'd that concord and ſweet harmony,
Which love, attun'd by piety, inſpires.
The father's heart was twin'd around his ſon,
Whoſe ſafety, and whoſe fortune's growing ſtrength,
Dwelt in the choiceſt chambers of his breaſt.
I knew too well his boſom deeply throb'd
With dire conjectures of the ſad event.
My EYES gave notice of the mournful news ;

I had no TONGUE to give it utterance!—
" And is he gone? Is my dear ſon no more?
" Farewell, a long farewell to my choice hope!"

LIGHT ſufferings find long leiſure for complaint;
But when ſubſtantial ills appear in all
Their dread array, the ſoul acquires new ſtrength;
Still needing the benignant arm of Heav'n!

SACRED to ſorrow was the diſmal hour!—
Tho' GRIEF when ſooth'd is robbed of her ſting,
How can we judge by the eye's fruitful ſtream,
When there is That within ſurpaſſes ſight?

THE blooming youth, his yet SURVIVING SON,
Learned, benignant, lively yet ſerene,

Strives with aſſiduous care, tho' drooping head,
To calm his father's grief: if VIRTUE can
Supply the ſmalleſt part of his dear brother's worth,
He now devotes his life to VIRTUE'S CAUSE!

MEANWHILE, the DAUGHTER, equalled by few,
In this fond, trifling, diſſipated age,
With all the genuine GRACES in her train,
Nobly accompliſh'd, with an ANGEL'S heart,
Trembles with ſorrow o'er her brother's grave!
With pious care ſhe pours her balmy ſweets
Into her father's wound; comforts his ſoul,
Giving aſſurance of more happy days,
In FILIAL DUTY, and RELIGION'S charms!

THE TENDER MOTHER, melted into tears,
In poſt of honour, bringing up the rear,

Hiding

Hiding the anguiſh of her bleeding heart,
Lightens the burthen of her huſband's grief;
Rallies her force againſt the hoſtile foe,
Who, with the looks of lamentation ſad,
Preys on the peace of thoſe whom moſt ſhe loves,
Truſting in GOD ALONE to ſuccour them!

SUCH was the ſcene, angels might weep to ſee!
The true PHILOSOPHER, and humane MAN,
The pious CHRISTIAN, and the tender SIRE,
Alternate yielding, as if they had ſtrove
For eminence in dignity of grief;
Not by oppoſing, but by ſoothing it.

STILL the heart pleads for a ſweet ſacrifice
To the BRIGHT MANES of ſo good a ſon!
HOPE had there fix'd her ſtandard, and there drawn

Such

Such pleaſing images of joys to come,
That hardly TIME, or STERN NECESSITY,
Can wear the deep impreſſion off the mind!

NATURE, repugnant to PAIN's frightful train,
Seeks for relief in ſweet and calm repoſe.
The awful precepts iſſu'd from ABOVE
Claim deep ſubmiſſion, and reſigned thoughts,
As tributes due to the GREAT ARBITER
Of life, and death, and immortality!

BEHOLD RELIGION, full of grace, approach,
Marking the mandate printed on the breaſt!
" I ſee your ſorrows, and approve your grief!
" But ſtay your plaintive tears :—it is enough!
" Think of your own progreſſive mortal ſteps,

" Nor

" Nor more lament at Heav'n's ſupreme decree!
" The life of man is of a mixed kind;
" But when the EVIL moſt predominates,
" Still GOODNESS is his TRUE FELICITY!
" I charge you draw the nice preciſive line
" 'Twixt grief oppreſſive, and humility;
" For, as the humble ſpirit calms the ſoul,
" Sorrow breeds tumult and rebellious blood,
" Waſting its pure balſamic qualities.
" Speak COMFORT to your ſad lamenting ſouls,
" Nor let the HOARY KINDRED vainly mourn!
" The object of your grief has left this ſcene,
" Untainted by its blandiſhments or ſnares!
" Say to your troubled hearts, be comforted!
" Call up your piety, and truſt in GOD!
" Fly up to heav'n on RESIGNATION's wings,

" To the bright Source whence all events do ſpring!
" You only ſee as thro' a darken'd glaſs;
" He now is placed far above the reach
" Of PAIN or FOLLY, SIN's or SORROW's wiles.
" YOUR CONFIDENCE IN IMMORTALITY,
" Is to believe HE's numbered with the JUST!
" His happineſs was your continual care:
" Ceaſe then your ſorrows, ſeek your peace and reſt,
" BLESSED, tho' under ſore affliction's rod!"

SUCH is the language of the CHRISTIAN faith;
And ſuch my ſerious beſt-digeſted thoughts.
I, who have trod the dreadful maze of GRIEF,
Eſteem him fortunate, thus to retire!—
If HEAV'N had pleaſed ſo to caſt my lot,

What SCENES OF MIS'RY had I then eſcap'd!
Haply untaſted many bitter CUPS;
Nor drank ſo deep of FOLLY, and of SIN!—
O guide my lab'ring heart to heav'n above,
In contemplation of immortal joys!

" THOU, MY INGENIOUS YOUTHFUL FRIEND,
haſt left
" This frail, inconſtant, dark, and mortal ſtate:
" Oft haſt thou liſten'd to my moral tale,
" And drank the eſſence of my pious theme!
" As REASON ripen'd, FAITH diſplay'd her pow'r,
" While TRUE SIMPLICITY improv'd thine heart.
" What joy ſincere I feel, that thou haſt trod
" The paths of glory in thy FATHER's ſteps;

" Candid, diſcerning, temperate, and chaſte!
" RELIGION's ſacred laws had bound thy ſoul;
" Kept thee in ſafety, by a watchful guard,
" Making thy FATHER, and thy GOD, thy FRIENDS!
" Thou ſaw'ſt the brightneſs of MESSIAH's rule!
" Thy mind unfully'd by man's mad deſires,
" Thy very faults ſprang from a gen'rous heart,
" The growth of youthful ſenſibility.
" The placid temper, beſt-diſpoſed mind,
" Will ſhew ſome objects in imperfect lights;
" But grey experience, and affection try'd,
" Render'd thee patient, and control'd thy will."

" WHILE I contemplate what thou wert, my friend,
" The voice of NATURE thus proclaims to me:

" Thou ſhou'dſt have been the firſt to pay thy debt ;
" But gracious Heav'n determin'd otherwiſe.
" Guard well thy few remaining tranſient hours :
" Let thy light ſhine, O man, and keep the path
" Which leads to true ſubſtantial happineſs !
" For by thy will, ALMIGHTY LORD OF LIFE !
" Seeing the glory of the MID-DAY SUN,
" Whether for twenty, or for fourſcore years,
" In the great toil of ſublunary days,
" What HARVEST can rejoice the anxious heart,
" Beyond DEAR VIRTUE's ſweet enchanting ſmiles ?

THE MUSE is treading upon hallow'd ground ;
The ſubject of great note and dignity ;
Let her maintain her TRUTH and PRINCIPLE !

For

For YOU, who juſtly feel ſo great a loſs,
Bleſſings expect from thoſe who ſtill remain,
And your afflictive ſorrows will ſecure
A more exceeding, everlaſting joy!

NATURE thus whiſpers to our plaintive hearts:

" 'Twas my indulgence called him to reſt;
" Such was th' ALMIGHTY's will; and 'tis your taſk
" To bend your ſouls to HIS ſupreme decree!
" Angels, archangels, potentates, and powers
" In deep ſubmiſſion bow before HIS throne!
" And what is MAN, this paragon of DUST?
" In GOD's tremendous eye he is a WORM!"

THUS, NATURE, REASON, and RELIGION ſpeak:

" Such is the benignity of HEAV'N'S LORD,

" By

" By that almighty mercy wrought by BLOOD,
" SINCERE OBEDIENCE is true ſacrifice:
" And when moſt proved by AFFLICTION's ſcourge,
" Then moſt is heav'nly JUSTICE ſatisfy'd,
" And MERCY ſmiles from her exalted throne!
" O DEATH, thy dreadful ſting is loſt: thy pow'r,
" O GRAVE, is vanquiſhed: and both ſubdu'd,
" Sing HALLELUJAHS to your BLEEDING LORD!

ATTEND, my ſons, and hear this grave advice,
From one who long has dwelt on ſerious thought:
" Be wiſely TEMPERATE in all purſuits:
" Reſiſt FORBIDDEN joys, and CROWN your lives!
" Let not your hearts e'er wander from your GOD!
" Look up to him, your FATHER, and your FRIEND!

" HE,

" HE, MIGHTY LORD, AND GIVER OF YOUR LIFE,

" Is the great ſpring of IMMORTALITY!

" Look forward to ETERNITY, and guard

" Your ſteps from wand'ring near the paths of DEATH,

" That HE, with TERROUR, may not lift his dart,

" Nor ſtrike you, in the ripeneſs of your ſins!

" Behold the healthy and robuſt cut off,

" In all the fragrancy of youthful bloom!

" Learn from his character and conduct true:

" Benign his temper, and his fancy bright:

" In uſeful knowledge, and attainments ſtrong:

" Upright in manners, ſimple, and ſincere:

" Not ſway'd by weakneſs, nor credulity:

" Indulging no ſuſpicious timid doubts,

" That

" That others meant to hurt or injure him:
" Offences offer'd him did not excite
" Any reſentment, beyond decent bounds,
" That placid juſtice ought to exerciſe,
" Or genuine courage venture to exert!
" Guarded by calm and inoffenſive truth,
" His paths were ſtrait, and ſmooth, and full of peace!
" He early ſympathiz'd in others' pains,
" Learning to ſoften and relieve diſtreſs!
" Unſullied by AMBITION, or MEAN PRIDE,
" He gave to ſacred VIRTUE all her praiſe,
" And lov'd her for her own inherent charms.
" In the laſt ſtruggling hour, when the dim flame
" Of life was quiv'ring, raiſed on a point,

" His

" His virtuous mind ſhone forth, imploring GOD
" To bleſs his PARENTS and his KINDRED DEAR;
" Begging forgiveneſs to his PARTING SOUL!
" Oft have I heard far diff'rent mournful tales,
" Of the DISTEMPER'D MORALS of this age.
" Some, in a lab'rinth of perturbed thoughts,
" Devoid of faith and pious confidence,
" Lamenting cry, O, WHERE AM I TO GO?—
" O Lord of life, who giveſt me my breath,
" Howe'er DISTURB'D my STRUGGLING days may be,
" Grant me ſweet comfort in my dying hour!

" THIS happy youth was bleſs'd in HOPE, and he
" Shall grace the page of VIRTUE and my theme;

" Whilſt honeſt FRIENDSHIP pours her ſorrows
forth!—
" YET be not credulous, nor fondly think
" ESTEEM and LOVE will croud about your tombs.
" Within the ſtately temple you may ſee
" The ſculptur'd marble in its higheſt pomp,
" The curious workman's elevated art.—
" 'Tis Pride deludes us with a fooliſh hope
" Of FAME, from TOTT'RING BUSTS, and EMPTY
URNS.
" Princes and peaſants have an equal lot:
" No RECORD can AVAIL but THAT in HEAV'N.
" Your faithful homage at RELIGION's ſhrine
" Will heal all wounds your boſoms can receive.
" What greater bliſs can YOU deſire, or GOD
" Beſtow

" Beſtow on poor diſtemper'd MAN ?
" Secur'd in pious conqueſt o'er the world,
" O may you learn to THINK and REASON right,
" And juſtly count upon ETERNITY !
" Whether your tranſient lives ſhall end to-day,
" Or laſt a number of progreſſive years ;
" Whether RICH TROPHIES ſhall adorn your tombs,
" Or HUMBLE TURF alone ſhall cover you ;
" Let your days paſs in happy, glad preſage
" Of the rewards that wait on virtuous deeds !"

J. H.

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
MR. GEORGE PETERS, JUNIOR,
OF ST. PETERSBURG, MERCHANT;
BORN XVII. APR: MDCCLX. OB. XXII. DEC: MDCCLXXIX.
WHO, WITH THE CHOICEST TALENTS,
HAD THE PUREST HEART.
HE WAS LEARNED IN LANGUAGES,
INGENIOUS IN DRAWING AND MECHANIC ARTS.
HIS APPLICATION TO BUSINESS
OPENED TO HIM A PROSPECT
OF THE MOST LIBERAL FORTUNE.
HIS FILIAL AFFECTION, AND FRATERNAL LOVE,
ENDEAR'D HIM TO HIS PARENTS AND HIS KINDRED.
IN FRIENDSHIP, GRATITUDE, AND KINDNESS,
NOT LESS DISTINGUISHED.
IN DISPOSITION AND AFFECTIONS
MOST AMIABLE.
ESTEEMED BY ALL THE WISE AND GOOD,
[redacted]
CANDID, POLISH'D, AND SINCERE.

CANDID, POLISH'D, AND SINCERE.
FROM HIS CHILDHOOD
DISDAINING FALSEHOOD AND DECEIT,
THE PRECEPTS OF CHRISTIANITY
WERE THE LAWS OF HIS LIFE.

BENIGNANT READER,
LEARN FROM HIS EARLY DEATH,
TO THINK OF THINE OWN APPROACHING END.
AND WHILST THOU PAY'ST
THE TRIBUTE OF A TENDER TEAR,
SEND UP THY SOUL WITH AWFUL HOMAGE,
TO THE REALMS OF LIGHT,
WHERE MERCY SITS ENTHRON'D,
IN ALL THE MAJESTY
OF ETERNAL JUSTICE!

THY KINDRED JUSTLY MOURN THY EARLY DOOM,
THE FRIEND THAT LOV'D THEE, NOW INSCRIBES THY TOMB.

IN the firſt language known upon the earth,
Jonah, or *Jonas*, ſignifies a *dove*.
Whatever name thou bear'ſt, this doctrine learn,
Be wiſe as ſerpents, innocent as doves.
If *heralds* mean by halving lions *fierce*,
That valour can ſubdue thy *enemies* ;
Apply thy ſtrength, *my friend*, againſt the foe,
That with dire malice lurks in all thy paths;
And let this leſſon ſink into thy heart,
That to *deſpair*, is to become a prey! H.

" Thou, *cold deſpair*, can'ſt freeze the warmeſt breaſt,
" And all its powers involve in gloomy death :
" There's nothing in this world can give it joy,
" Life growing tedious as a twice-told tale,
" Vexing the dull ears of a drowzy man." S.

" Life, when encumber'd with this heavy charge,
" Longeth to ſet th' impriſon'd ſoul at large." D.

Let *chriſtian hope* inſpire thy ſoul with joy !
And ev'ry hour of life in praiſe employ :
So ſhalt thou baniſh from thy ſoul diſmay,
And for thy great Redeemer's mercy pray :
Earth then ſhall ſmile upon thy bleſt abode,
While all thy days devoted be to God ! H.
Glad to riſe up, and glad to go to reſt :
Gladneſs, of wiſdom is the ſureſt teſt !
Rejoice that thou haſt liv'd ; rejoice to die,
And that the joyful hour is drawing nigh,
When all the labours of thy life ſhall end,
And conſcious virtue ſtill will be thy friend.

For

For Submiſſion to the Diſpenſations of Providence.

O *Eternal God of Wiſdom!* who in thine infinite mercy didſt ſend thine only Son upon the earth, to diſpel the dark night of ignorance and perverſeneſs, which reigned in the hearts of men: mortify in me all *pride* and *vanity*, *hatred* and *malice*, and every evil deſire; that I may faithfully perform all the duties to which thy Providence ſhall call me; and after the example of my *bleſſed Lord*, patiently bear whatever thy *will* ſhall be. Suffer me not to fall into an *idle*, *vain*, or *uſeleſs* life; but knowing how ſwift the night of death approaches, and that there is no repentance in the grave, I may live as fully perſuaded that *now* is the *time* to provide for *eternity!* —Grant, O merciful Lord! that no worldly *pleaſure* nor *buſineſs* may divert my mind from the juſt thoughts of my diſſolution; but living attentive to the great end of my being, I may acquit myſelf acceptably in thy ſight. Hear me, O heavenly Father! not according to my *imperfect petitions*, but in the full meaning of That prayer which, in compaſſion to my infirmities, thou haſt taught me, by Jeſus Chriſt my Redeemer.

Our Father, &c.

GRANT, I beſeech thee, Almighty God, that as thy Son *Jeſus Chriſt* hath overcome death, and opened unto me the gate of everlaſting life, I may purify my heart from all ſenſual affections, and worldly deſires; and calmly reſigning my breath to thee, O Father, be acceptable in thy ſight, and partake of his glorious reſurrection!

On the Shortneſs of Life.

"HEAR, Lord, my pray'r, and let my cries
Accepted to thy throne ariſe:
O turn not thou thy face away,
Nor longer my relief delay;
But mark my ſorrow from on high,
And pitying to my call reply.
Faſt as the mountain ſmoke decays,
On *Time's* light pinion flit *my days:*
As fades the *ſhadow of the ſun*,
With quick decline *my moments* run,
Juſt verging to their cloſe: my face,
Its vernal bloom, and youthful grace,
Extinguiſh'd, withers on the eye,
As plants beneath a hoſtile ſky.
But Thou, bleſt guard of Iſrael's fold,
Shalt ages ſee, on ages roll'd,
And thron'd above, to *endleſs days*
Extend thy *honour*, *name*, and *praiſe!*"

In acknowledgment of the Power of the Goſpel.

ALMIGHTY *Jehovah*, at the foot of whoſe eternal throne, the greateſt monarchs caſt down their crowns, teach me to humble my ſoul before thee! Teach me with reverence to behold the wondrous works of this material world. Thy goſpel is fixed more immoveably than the rocks, againſt which the waves rage in vain. Let thy voice, which ſpeaketh in it, impreſs my mind, as thy awful thunder affects my ſenſes. Let thy *Word* rend the hardeſt heart; and thy *Spirit* humble the loftieſt pride of man, that when the voice of thy beloved Son ſhall call me to judgment, I may not invoke the mountains to cover me, nor fly from thy ſharp and glittering ſword, which nothing can withſtand. Save me from my ſins, *O Chriſt!* O *Son* of Abraham, who didſt bend thy *ſelf* to take the human nature! O thou who art the *Reſurrection and the Life*, raiſe me from the duſt; and when my hour ſhall come, to leave this tranſient ſcene, O be mindful of thy *ſervant*, and in mercy conduct me to the regions of everlaſting glory!

ALMIGHTY *Father of Spirits*, in whoſe hands are the iſſues of life and death, give me comfort in the thought of my *approaching diſſolution*. Let my paſt miſdeeds ſtand in judgment before me, that being condemned at the tribunal of my own mind, they may not tread my life down to the earth, nor condemn me at thy judgment-ſeat. My offences againſt thee are great and numerous! O let my heart aſcend on the wings of contrition, to ſeek for pardon at thy hands. Thou, moſt merciful Father, who art the righteous judge, ſlow to anger, tho' provoked every day; let my ſorrows bring forth ſuch repentance as may appeaſe thy juſt indignation; that whenever it ſhall pleaſe thee to call me hence, I may hear the comfortable ſound of the gracious invitation promiſed to thy faithful ſervants, in *Jeſus Chriſt* my Redeemer!

ALMIGHTY Lord, whoſe judgments are right and true, and who in faithfulneſs cauſeſt me to be troubled; in the multitude of my ſorrows I fly to Thee! O comfort my heart, and refreſh my ſoul, with thy grace! Thou haſt chaſtened me, but not given me over unto *eternal death!* The days of the years of man are but as a moment in thy ſight. Grant that I may ſo apply my heart to the gracious ends of thy providence, in giving me life, that when my hour ſhall come, I may die the death of the righteous, and my laſt end be like his! Grant, O Almighty Father, that by the ſufferings of thy dear Son, I alſo may take out the ſting of death, and obtain a victory over the grave! Let this, O God, be the ſupreme object of my hope in *Jeſus Chriſt*, my bleſſed Lord and Redeemer!

In Contemplation of Death.

O Lord God! whoſe loving-kindneſs and mercy have no bounds, ſave me from the *Prince of Darkneſs*; and let me not fall into his hands. Let the rays of thy glory, which extend through all creation, outſtretching the utmoſt power of human thought, cheer and enliven my ſpirit, and fit it for the bliſs of angels. This I beg for his ſake, who paid the ranſom for repentant ſinners, and vanquiſhed death and the grave.

MOST merciful and benignant Lord, by whoſe ſupreme decree all that dwell on earth muſt viſit the dreary manſions of the grave, hear my ſupplications, that by a true ſenſe of *obedience* and *intrepid* reſolution, I may acquit myſelf happily in thy ſight. Let thy goodneſs *cheer* and thy mercy *comfort* my ſoul! Give me *ſtrength* that I may ſhun thoſe objects which tarniſh the luſtre of *chriſtian* purity, and lead the imagination into falſe paths. Alienate my heart from ſublunary things, that I may worſhip thee, with a bright unmixed piety; and in thy good time, O Lord, calmly reſign my breath, in ſure and certain hope of a joyful reſurrection, through the merits and interceſſion of the Saviour of mankind!

O God, behold me from thy mercy's ſeat, and let thy grace deſcend upon my heart, which ſighs with unutterable woe! Let my prayers fly up to heaven as incenſe, where thy glittering altars fume! Bend thine ears to my ſupplications, unknowing, as I am, what words to utter. Let not the doom of death diſturb me, whilſt *hope in thee* ſprings forward in my contrite heart. Vile and corrupted as I am, thou knoweſt my inmoſt thoughts: O grant me That peace the world cannot give; that living on earth in thy fear, when my approaching hour ſhall come, I may enjoy the happineſs of the bleſt in *heaven*, through *Jeſus Chriſt* my Saviour.

ETERNAL God, from whom I derive the breath which animates my frame, and by whoſe ſupreme decree, I again return to duſt! Teach me to adore thy mercies, and rejoice in thy unerring wiſdom, that when I ſhall reſt from my labours here on earth, my ſpirit may be in peace: and when *he* ſhall come, who will judge the world in righteouſneſs, I may be accepted by thee, O Father of mercy, through his interceſſion who died to ſave the world!

LOOK down, O Lord, from thy triumphant glory, and behold a miſerable ſinner proſtrate before *thee*. Give me thy grace, that I may conſider how ſhort a time is allotted man to live, and how full of *trouble*; *coming up*, and *cut down* like *a flower*; fleeing as it were a *ſhadow*; never continuing in one ſtay. To whom ſhall I ſeek for ſuccour, whilſt my *ſins* are ſo juſtly offenſive to thee!—O Chriſt, thou eternal judge of men, ſhut not thine ears to my prayers, nor ſuffer me in my laſt hours, for any pains of *death*, to fall from thee!

ALMIGHTY and Eternal God, by whoſe everlaſting decree it is appointed to man once to die, I beſeech thee in thy goodneſs to grant me ſo *unſhaken a confidence* in thy mercy, that whenever it ſhall pleaſe thee to call me hence, I may be found acceptable in thy ſight. Grant that I may glory in thy ſtrength; and, maintaining thy cauſe like a faithful ſoldier, finiſh my warfare with joy. Thou knoweſt whereof I am made: O look on me with eyes of compaſſion! Be not extreme to mark my *offences*, but in thine infinite mercy *forgive* them! This I beg for the ſake of *Jeſus Chriſt*, who died on the croſs for the ſins of the world!

O *God eternal*, I look up with longing eyes towards thy mercy's-ſeat for comfort in diſtreſs. Let not my days paſs regardleſs of the ſolemn hour when I muſt yield up my breath to Thee! O thou ſupreme almighty Lord of life, to Thee I fly for ſuccour, in ſteady truſt that Thou haſt broken the chains of ſin and death, ſo that I cannot be held as a priſoner of the grave. Let the *precious blood of Chriſt*, and his reſurrection, fill my ſoul with humble confidence in his meritorious ſufferings, to deliver me from all my troubles, and to exalt me to everlaſting bliſs!

MOST merciful God, who in thy boundleſs compaſſion to ſinful man, haſt from the beginning ordained an interceſſor: grant that his merits may ſupply my imperfect obedience; and his blood waſh out my ſinful ſtains! Graciouſly receive my offerings of benevolence to all my fellow-creatures, that when my hour of diſſolution ſhall come, I may reſign my breath in peace. To thee I devote my fleeting hours: accept them, O Lord of mercy, how ſhort ſoever they ſhall be, that my confidence in thy love, through *Chriſt*, may be a grateful ſacrifice at thy altars. This I beg, O Almighty Father, in the name of my powerful interceſſor, who now ſits at thy right hand, in all the triumphs of everlaſting glory!

ALMIGHTY *God, and heavenly Father*, who of thy great mercy haſt promiſed forgiveneſs of ſins to all who with true repentance and faith turn unto Thee; have mercy upon me; pardon and deliver *me* from all *my* ſins; confirm and ſtrengthen *me* in all goodneſs; and, when the hour of death ſhall come, bring me to everlaſting life, through *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord!

MOST *merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, who is the reſurrection of the dead, raiſe me, I beſeech thee, from the *death* of ſin, unto the *life* of righteouſneſs, that when I ſhall depart from hence I may ſleep in *Chriſt*, and at the reſurrection in the laſt day, receive the bleſſing he will then pronounce to all his good and *faithful* ſervants, in theſe glorious words; *Come, ye bleſſed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!* Grant this, O merciful God, through the merits of the ſame Jeſus Chriſt, the great Redeemer of mankind!

D. D. D.

Jonas Hanway,

April, M. DCC. LXXX.

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